THE

Missile

Petersburg High School.

MANN

135

Football Team

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THE MISSILE

A FOUNDRY

By Frank R. Lum

A rat in East Pittsburgh scurries across the floor
Dodging between the basins of cold steel;
It keeps in shadows, evades the rays of moon
And scuttles through its foul and cobwebbed door.
The moon on the basins stamps its ghostly seal
And stillness reigns until the dawn comes soon.

Dinner pails are coming through the mist,
Held in hands that deal in molten metal,
Swung across the legs of striding men.
Soon the hammers held in grimy fist
Will swing and crash until the steel does settle
Alive into a mold, unformed till then.

About a mold they stand and in their sweat
With matted hair and arms upraised, they slash
The murky air and hear the steel echo
The cry of death; its blazing eyes are set
Upon the hammers held in hands that lash
And cage them to remain forever so.

The dust has settled, the moon has come again;
Still is the air and cold the lifeless steel;
Cobwebs cling to rafters lost in shade.
A rat with cautious mien steals from its den
And hesitates and then begins to feel
Its way—and so another day is made.

DIVINE WORK

By Sara Wice

A heap of marble, to the eye; merely a shapeless block of white. Nothing more. Yet, in the hands of a sculptor it becomes almost an animate thing. No, not animate; but something beautiful, real, and lasting. What a difference can be wrought in a stubborn block, when a mallet and chisel are applied to it by skilled hands! We are not discussing tombstones at all! Far from it! As a result of this chiselling and hammering, a beautiful figure steps forth, as if a prisoner released from her bonds. No resemblance is shown to the prisoner on her pure white brow and in her awakening eyes. As the sculptor sharply works, a smile breaks through the stone; and what magnificent ringlets of hair escape from the tap of the chisel. Plume by plume the shape of half-furled wings is disclosed; and as if throwing off their marble letters we see a pair of well-shaped limbs.

Where is the marble block? What is this which stands in its place? Can it be that this beautiful angel was born from that shapeless mass?

Thus are we all in the hands of "The Sculptor." What are our minds and souls but the tools of the Master completing this divine work? Our joys and hopes are but our marble fetters which bind us to this earth. We lift our encumbered hearts and hands to Him, the Divine Sculptor, in the hope that He will guide us in the right path, and some day set us free from our fetters, and make us into angles too.

A SPOOL OF THREAD

By Josephine Moomaw

You are so small, so commonplace,
  There is no beauty that you may claim;
But stop—this soft and silky lace:
  Are not you and it the very same?

Do not you in satins adorn the queen,
  Make rich, soft rugs for emperor's halls,
Heavy silks with golden sheen,
  And tapestries hung upon palace walls?

To warm the poor, that is your pleasure;
  To clothe the kind when 'tis stormy or mild.
Does it not fill you with awe beyond measure
  To form the shroud for an angel child?

THE UNCEASING GUARDIAN

By Edward Wyatt

Back at Randell City, as I remember it, we were innocent of progress. Nothing new had ever disturbed our serenity. There had always been the barriers, barriers of nature and even more definite ones than those. The first were the mountains, the great ranges which fairly isolated us from the rest of the world. They were beautiful in their rugged, towering pose, but no railway, no highway had ever crossed them. Then there were even greater forces which held us back. They were the forces of innate conservatism, caution, and inherent inclination to the beaten way. As a town we were unprogressive, inordinately so.

This does not mean that everyone in Randell City had suffered mental stagnation. There were a few, a very few, who beat against the walls of custom in an effort to arouse the town from its state of coma. It was after many year of fruitless toil that this group succeeded in placing a man on the council of the city, but he was regarded as an intruder. His opinions and motions before the council were subjected to open ridicule, so much so that we despaired.

One day this man did succeed in passing a motion. For many years there had been a little road climbing through the highland to the west of the city. This road was impassable, and, though it came within a mile of the city, its course was interrupted by a steep incline and it was necessary for the traveler to make a detour of some eleven miles in order to reach Randell City. As a result of this, the people in the hill country carried their products to other markets rather than attempt the arduous and tiresome journey. Our one representative proposed that an appropriation be made for improving this road, and for once his motion was adopted.

This brought on an unlimited discussion. The weekly sheet took up the matter and consumed two columns in wrangling over the thing. There were some who commended the adoption and there were others who were indignant to the extreme. One day there appeared in the weekly an anonymous letter, which expressed in no uncertain terms one person's opinion of the town and its ridiculous policy. The writer with a fine display of irreverence uttered condemnations, the like of which had never before been seen in the weekly. The letter showed the absurdity of improving the stretch of eleven miles. It proved that a tunnel could be dug at a much less expense through the intervening ridge. When Randell City read this, one thought was uppermost in its common mind. The plan was all very good, but there was no money to be spent on either road or tunnel. One citizen made this known through the pages of the paper.

On the next morning a queer thing happened. When the treasurer went to his office, he found a satchel of bills on the doorstep of his quarters. A note attached said that the money should be devoted to the digging of the tunnel, and the amount was so large that a municipal appropriation was unnecessary.

It was the natural result that speculation ran rife. No topic other than the donation was discussed. However, no one could decide who had given the money. All of the wealthy families hastened to deny any conection with the matter. Of course, the city accepted the funds, and in a short while the tunnel was completed.

After that there was a similar occurrence. The council decreed that electric lights should be placed along the main streets. An unsigned letter of approval from one who professed to have given the first donation appeared in the weekly. This created much excitement, and on the next morning when the treasurer went to his office he found another satchel of bills.

By this time our curiosity had reached its height. Nothing other than the mysterious benefactor was in the public mind. The paper, the streets, the homes, the stores, and the clubs were all scenes of discussion on the matter.

As I remember it, it was about this time that I was called in as physician to a party just outside of town. The circumstances were most unusual. Many years before, one Gordon Daniel and his daughter moved to Randell City. They were supposed to be immensely wealthy, but the daughter was a hopeless invalid and her father was so attached to her, so worried over her condition, that he lost his mind and later died as a result. The daughter, Millicent Daniel, was left in the constant care of a noted doctor and a corps of nurses. As time wore on, this girl improved. She could be carried out on the great veranda of the mansion, or wheeled about through the vast park of her estate. Occasionally we saw her. She was beautiful, and at the same time she was wretchedly pitiful. With all of her wealth and luxury she had no happiness. The very stone walls which stood for her wealth were prison walls. The elaborate apartments were places of confinement. The park and garden were territories beyond which she had no hope of ever venturing. Many a time we had seen her, sitting up on the terraced hill, looking down upon the city through which she had passed but once. There was a wistfulness and pathos about the scene which can never be surpassed.

At last, however, she became so improved that she could ride through the town. The great, closed car would glide up to the portico. The physician would carefully place her in it, while the nurses hovered anxiously around her. Then the car would slip off down the driveway and into the city. People always stopped to stare as it passed. No one in all the hill country drove such a car as that one.

One day the physician in attend-

ance went north to consult with others of his profession concerning his patient. In his absence the nurses were alone to care for Millicent Daniel, and for the first time in her life she was without the presence of a specialist. It was then that she was taken ill.

They called me in as a last resort. I knew from the telegraph operator that all was not well at the great stone house above the city. Every hour messages were rushed off to the leading physicians of the country. At midnight, when their efforts had been of no avail, they sent for me. I went as quickly as possible. The car was not running well, but I managed to reach the mansion within fifteen minutes after the call. As I stepped on the veranda, my mind was confused with fear and hope. What if Millicent Daniel were already dead? What if I should kill that fragile thing which hundreds of thousands of dollars had tried to save? What if I should be able to save her? If that were the case, I would find myself in the world's limelight, a famous man. Buoyed up and led on by this hope I was admitted.

The servant led the way down a darkened hall, on which opened immense and sumptuous apartments. Everything spoke of lavishness and unlimited resources. The heavy carpets made noise impossible. The drawn curtains excluded every ray of sunlight, and the entire scene was more like a tomb than a residence. Up two flights of polished stairs I followed. The grandness of the interior awed me. At last, after it seemed that I had passed through miles of gorgeous setting, the attendant opened a door, and I found myself in a most exquisitely beautiful apartment. A queen could have wished for no more. The articles of furniture and drapery were things which could be found in no other home in the county; and lying back on a great mass of silk and linen was Millicent Daniel.

She was hardly breathing, and from the expression on her distorted face I could see that she was suffering unlimited agony. She was then almost beyond life, but I sat there and watched her. She gave a faint moan, and we knew that she had breathed her last. As she did so, a bit of paper fell from her hand and on to the counterpane. I took it, and walking over to the farther side of the room opened it to the light and read:

"Tell Mandeville, the administrator, to give the little that is left to the city of Randell, for that is what I wish. Tell him, too, that—"

Here it stopped and under it Millicent Daniel had written her name in a feeble little scrawl. All of it was barely legible and had been written with the greatest effort. Then the clock over on the tower struck three, and I looked down and saw the lights of the city. Then I raised my eyes and saw outlined against the sky the old ridge, the conquered mountain. Suddenly, it all was clear to me. The still form with the crisp white linen drawn up over her face had done all that. A present help she had been, an unceasing guardian.

IN MY GARDEN

By Effie B. Bailey

I was pleased today with the sight I saw,
All of my flowers in bloom,
The roses, dahlias, asters and all
With the scent of rare perfume.

In my garden, I think for my delight
That God made these to grow;
Roses and dahlias, asters and all,
Because I love them so.

FLIVVERS

By Louise Pilcher

Most people thinks of Fords as merely another mode of transportation; just a way to get from home to the office and back in a shorter time. And some people are inclined to sneer at them as they whiz by in their 1926 model limousines, just as if they never owned one, when probably you yourself can remember when they drove a lizzie and were proud of it. But after all Fords mean something different to me. I'm not speaking of the brand-new, shiny sedans, but of those dilapidated tin cans that travel on many of our highways and city streets. They seem such careless creatures as they rattle on their way. Most of them are minus a top, lacking a fender or two, and some are so unfortunate as to have lost an eye. But how much pleasure they do give their owners! Did you ever see a bunch of boys and girls any happier than when seated in a flivver off for a breeze? They don't have to bother about scratching dad's new car when they have their Ford, because one more scratch means nothing in "liz's" carefree life. She is used to the boys climbing over the doors, and cake and cracker crumbs don't bother her upholstery. And "liz" is such an accommodating old dear; the more she carries the merrier. Haven't you seen her come chugging up to a football game and watched the crowd emerge from within? It seems that they will never stop, and you feel confident that once out they will all never be able to get back in. But "liz" sits calmly by as they scramble in again (for this is old stuff to her), and off they go.

It is lots of fun on a moonlight night to get a bunch together, haul "liz" out from under her shed, and go for a ride. Someone in the crowd has a ukelele, and what a fuss is made as the lusty young voices mingle with the rattles of their faithful old Ford.

LIFE'S REWARD

By Richard A. Meade

The night had been cold, and the stars had shone,
And now the sun was rising clear.
The air was cold; I was chilled to the bone,
And clouds in the west said snow was near.
The hand of frost had been active that night
And had clothed the earth in a robe of white.

As swift as the shot of a rifle ball,
And as silent as fairy hand could be,
The frost had ended the life of all
The flowers and weeds, all that I could see.
Though death had been brought, there was nothing lost;
They were made so pure and white by the frost.

The clouds from the west were filling the sky;
They were bringing to earth a cover of white.
The sun, like the plants, was soon to die,
But behind he left a beautiful sight,
For the clouds fulfilled their promise of snow,
And the land had a wonderful beauty to show.

As the plants that passed so quickly from life
Were made in their death so pure and white,
We leave this world of toil and strife.
Our stay is short, but a life lived right
To a land of beauty and love will rise,
The land of eternal Paradise.

A DOG'S DEVOTION

By Annie Boisseau

Yomak is a small town on the southern coast of Alaska. The few people who live there are either prospectors or people who, disappointed in their search for gold, have settled down to lead a placid life in the little town. There is little to afford amusement to the inhabitants. Occasionally a ship comes in to bring supplies, and then the people hear all about what is happening in that southern land

from which they came. The ships do not stay long, though, because there are other towns that must have supplies.

About seven or eight miles north of Yomak there was a little cabin on the edge of a clump of woods. Robin Hunt and his father lived there. Robin thought his father was the best father in all the world. He had lived in the south in the same country where lived that beautiful little bird for whom Rob was named. Rob had often heard his father tell of this little bird, and he wished that he could see it, but then he would not like to leave this wonderful country of his.

Rob loved to roam about the wide frozen lands with his big, shaggy dog, Zero. The two would go out and spend hours wandering in the woods and out in the open spaces. They would not go far because Rob knew that it was easy to get lost in the woods, and there were wolves who came out at night to look for food.

Robin had always wanted to drive the dog team into the village, but his father said he was too young. One day, though, his father sprained his ankle. The supplies were low and someone had to go into the town. There was no one to go but Rob. He was very much excited and eagerly harnessed the dogs to the sled and went to his father for final orders.

"Be careful, Rob," he said, "don't go too fast, but leave there in plenty of time. Be back at least an hour before dark."

With Zero at his side, Rob set out on his first real trip from home. He knew the trail he was to take, and with Zero with him there was nothing to fear. Zero seemed to realize where they were going and was almost as excited as Rob. He barked with delight, ran ahead of the sled and then raced back to Rob.

"You like it, too, old boy, don't you?" Rob said as he patted the dog's shaggy head.

The snow-covered ground was frozen hard, and it did not take them long to get to Yomak. The little town was much excited. The supply ship had come and brought with it two travelers who were amusing the people with their wonderfully exaggerated stories of what had happened since the ship last came.

Rob listened with wide-open eyes to a tale of a dirigible which had fallen recently. He could not understand how people could fly in machines that went just like birds and yet were so large!

Finally, realizing that it was getting late, he hurried to have the supplies packed in the sled. The men told him good-bye and said they would tell him some more stories if he came again soon.

"We must hurry, Zero, old scout, or we won't get home before dark. Dad won't let us come again if we are late this time. Mush! Mush! Come on, old pals. Let's go faster."

Rob guided the sled over the trail, while Zero challenged the dogs by running ahead of them and barking sharply. It was early in the afternoon, but they had a long way to go, and traveling over snow takes much time. It was getting cold. The wind had risen and

was whistling through the branches of the trees.

About dusk Rob began to wonder how near they were to the little cabin. He thought they should be about a mile from home. His father would be worried about him, for they were late.

Suddenly Zero stopped and growled. Rob, too, stopped and listened. Far away, off in the distance, he heard a cry—the cry of the leader of the wolves, calling the pack together. Now he could hear the answering cries of the wolves. Quickly calling to his dogs, Rob pushed on as fast as he could go. He knew what those cries meant. The pack was out for prey that night, and it would not take them long to reach his trail. Zero was barking at the dogs, trying to make them go faster. He seemed to know that his master was in danger, and he wanted to do all he could to help him.

Far back of him, Rob could see the faint outline of the pack gathered on a hill ready for the start. He urged the dogs on, pushing with all of his might. The snow was slippery, and several times he stumbled. He knew that the wolves would have started by now. Zero was trying his best to make the dogs go faster, even biting at their legs.

It was getting extremely cold now. The wind was whipping across the open space. It seemed to Rob as if nothing could keep it from cutting through his heavy furs. His arms and legs were getting numb and two or three times he fell from exhaustion. At these times Zero would run back to him and try to make him get into the sled. Once when he fell and did not get up immediately Zero came to him and licked his face and tugged at his clothes. When he did get up, he climbed into the sled, too numb and exhausted to push any more.

The wolves were not so far behind now. They had found the trail and were coming faster and faster. Zero grasped the reins in his mouth and ran ahead forcing the other dogs to keep up with him. Soon the wolves were very close and the absence of a driver from this escaping team seemed to madden them even more. The dogs were skimming over the snow now, with Zero in front leading the way.

Just as they rounded a curve, they saw a flickering yellow light not far ahead. It was the light of the cabin. The wolves saw it, too, and hesitated. Then they came on again, but soon realizing that it would be dangerous to come nearer, they turned off in another direction.

When they reached the cabin, Zero found Rob's father watching for them at the door.

"Zero!" he said, "where is Rob?"

Then he saw Rob bundled up in the sled, fast asleep. He brought him into the cabin, while Zero followed happily. When Rob first awoke, he said, "The wolves almost got us, daddy, but Zero was too fast for them."

THE GARDEN GATE: A RONDEL

By Daisy Wells

The garden gate is open to all
Who wish to wander among its rows,
With roses fair that have grown so tall
And violets scarce as high as our toes.

The lilacs sway as the southwind blows,
Trying their best to beckon and call,
For the garden gate is open to all
Who wish to wander among its rows.

The gay colored flowers are gone by fall,
And winter o'er them a mantle throws
Of purest white, a soft coated shawl,
Through which only bare brown shrubbery shows,
For the garden gate is open to all
Who wish to wander among its rows.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE INDIVIDUAL

By Elizabeth Jones

For a citizen of the United States, not a day goes by but that the workings of the Constitution of the United States are evident.

A man rises in the mŏrning, fresh from the night's rest, because the protection offered to him by the Constitution has allowed him this night's sleep in peace. He eats his breakfast in perfect safety, for his food is protected by the pure food and drugs act. Of course, these things come under the direct jurisdiction of the States, but they are made possible by the Federal Constitution, which provides: "No State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of laws."

In regard to the Pure Food and Drugs Act, the States have direct jurisdiction; but by controlling interstate commerce and prohibiting impure food and drugs to go between the States, the federal government has made it almost impossible for one to buy impure foods or drugs.

Long years ago, the Pilgrims fled to this country in order to have a home in which they could worship

God as they wanted. In England, they were made to worship in the Church of England. The United States, in its Constitution, has provided that: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof." This is a great corner-stone in our democratic form of government.

Public officers cannot search the homes of individuals without proper search-warrant. Soldiers cannot be quartered in a private home. These two articles of the Federal Constitution provide for protection of home and property of a citizen.

Very often a man has to leave the home at night, leaving his wife and children alone. Do you not think that he feels safer if he knows that his wife has a pistol at her side? Then, too, she can call the police. This right of having firearms is provided by law.

But there is another side to this question. The public wouldn't be safe to walk down the street if everyone can have concealed weapons. Two men may get in an argument, their tempers are aroused, and a murder probably is the result. Thus the law works both ways, for no one is allowed to carry concealed weapons.

In days of old, a person speaking against the king, governor, or any other person of high rank, would be immediately thrown into prison. A citizen of the United States has a perfect right to say the truth about anyone. This is another one of the great corner-stones of American democracy. A man may also write any truth about another man or administration.

There is a clause in the Constitution protecting the parties involved in contracts. No State may pass a law impairing the obligations of contracts. Congress may impair contracts, but not without just causes. This clause protects contracts of any parties, whether individuals, private corporations, municipal corporations or the State itself.

Within the fourteenth amendment is provision that: "No State shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." A person born of low rank, in the slums, or even of high birth and good family will all have the same protection of its laws. The negroes, whites or any other persons have the same protection. This seems only fair, but in many governments this is not true. It wasn't added to our Constitution until after 1865.

No condition of slavery or involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted. This guarantees the freedom and liberty of any person within the jurisdiction of the United States Constitution.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the States wherein they reside. All persons born within this country naturally inherit citizenship, while the right to become naturalized is granted to most foreigners.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a

speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law. A person commiting any crime may not be imprisoned without a fair trial with witnesses for and against the case, a neutral jury and legal proceedings. This is a most important step for our government to take in the protection of the people's rights. It is also provided that no excessive bail shall be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted. Does this not grant us many rights?

No person may be thrown into prison and his trial put off again and again except in cases of rebellion or invasion. This is known as the writ of habeas corpus.

Suppose a person commits a crime which has never been committed before. In trying this case no judge nor jury can impose a penalty that is not formerly provided by law.

In any community or district, people have the right to assemble for any purpose, provided they do so peaceably. They also have the right to petition the government for a redress of grievances. The people elect legislators to carry on their legislation, but they may petition to redress grievances. This puts the power pretty much into the hands of the people.

Before the Revolutionary War, the word treason was heard on every side, for people were breaking away from English rule. This was regarded as treason by the king. Today people are living more or less peaceably together and treason is uncommon; nevertheless a clause is provided in the Constitution against treason. Literally, treason is the violation of one's allegiance to his sovereign or government. Under the present condition of affairs, no person may be convicted of treason without the testimony of two witnesses against this traitor or an open confession in court.

This constitution has operated very successfully in the life of the citizens of our country. May it be just as successful in the future.

MORNING

By Edward Wyatt

The smoke has been hanging over the town,
A gag upon a writhing man;
All night the sky has hid itself,
A woman with a velvet fan.

The lights that burn in granite towers
  Are deathly low and faint and gray;
Like tapers in some mossy vault,
  They flutter and they fade away.

But morning brings its flood of life;
  The carts are rumbling in the lane;
A waking street; then windows greet
  The sunrise as it comes again.

NO BRAINS

By Bernard Cocke

Ephraim McAndrews was a trifle out of temper. He was used to having his own way, but there were two things he could not control. The first was his own health. That accounted for his sitting around the hotel at the famous springs, drinking unpalatable water with nothing to look forward to except a round of golf in the afternoon and three cigars a day. Three cigars a day! That was enough to set his temper on edge without his having to think of another month away from the excitement of Wall Street. The second was his daughter. His daughter was obedient enough in all but one thing, and that was that she would not send about his business that young man who thought of nothing but polo and how to spend money.

Ephraim did not like that young man, mainly because he was nearly always idle and because he wore green vests. He could think of nothing but horses and polo every time he looked at him. He had told his daughter to send him away a number of times, but she seemed actually to like him—the young rattlebrain. Here they came now. Why didn't he wear something beside green vests and ice cream-colored pants. Boots and spurs! Well, he would be fairly good looking if he did not dress like a jockey.

Ephraim looked up with a slight frown: "Young man, did you ever do a day's work in your life?"

"Absolutely, my dear old chap. My father prevailed on me to go to work after I left Yale. For two months I sat behind a desk and drew pictures of bridles. Invented one in fact. I couldn't stand it. I thought that as a man only needed to work to earn a living, why should I work when mine had already been earned? I resigned and haven't done any work since."

"Come on, Harold," Anne McAndrews called, "You were going to show me that bending trick today."

"That's right, I was! Meet me at the stables."

"Anne," McAndrews called, "Won't you send that young man about his business? I can't stand him."

A shake of her head was all the answer he got.

He sat scowling down toward the stable for a few minutes, then his face cleared. He turned to the telephone booth and called New York. He remained in the booth for about a quarter of an hour. When he came out he was smiling broadly. He'd show 'em. That idea of buying the hotel through his partner wasn't bad. He'd keep it a secret for a while who really owned the hotel. Now to buy up those polo ponies.

A few days later the hotel was all a-buzz over the change of management. The polo ponies were all shipped away. The dance hall was filled with scaffolding, the tea room closed, the tennis courts dug up. The new management was making repairs and changes of every sort. Only the golf course remained as it was. McAndrews railed at the confusion. That young cub would not stay if there was nothing to do.

A few days later he was met with the announcement that the dairy had changed hands and could not continue service for a short time on account of extensive repairs. The next morning it was the grocery that supplied the hotel that could not continue service. On the third day it was the butcher. On the fourth day that young man, Harold T. Smith, returned and asked for an interview with Ephraim McAndrews.

"Good morning, Mr. McAndrews. It's a pleasure to see you again. Just got in this morning. Brought back a load of polo ponies with me. Going to rent them out. Try to supply the demand—or do you think the hotel will make me an offer on them?"

"How should I know what the hotel will do?" snapped Ephraim McAndrews. "What makes you think I should know?"

"No reason at all, old thing. Just happened to think you might know."

"Don't call me 'old thing!' I don't like it."

7—MISSLE

"Ah, yes," Mr. Smith replied, "That reminds me of something. Er—of course you would not like it. Now if you were a young chap——"

"I'm not, thank heaven!" snapped Ephraim.

"Quite so," Mr. Smith observed. "To a man of your advanced years——"

"How old do you think I am?" demanded Ephraim.

"Ah, about seventy, I should judge."

"I'm fifty-nine, if you want to know. Does that satisfy you? Will you get out and leave me alone?"

A bell boy called McAndrews to the telephone. When he came out of the booth, he called for an automobile to drive him to the station. They had not gone far when the car stopped.

"Road blocked," said the driver.

There was a gang of negroes digging a trench across the road.

"Try another road," he told the driver.

"There is no other road," replied the driver.

Ephraim climbed down from the car and started toward the boss of the gang. The boss showed no interest in his words, merely jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward a sign.

Road closed. No passing,
under penalty of the law.
Harold T. Smith,
Deputy Overseer of Roads
of Pinden County.

When Ephraim returned to the hotel, he found his clubs and started toward the golf course. When he bent down to tee up, he heard a cough behind him. He looked up to find Harold T. Smith standing beside him with his daughter.

"Haven't I told you to leave me alone?" he snapped.

"Pardon me, but have you read the notice?" He pointed to a broad canvas.

This course is hereby closed
to all players over fifty-eight
years of age.
By order of
The Greens Committee.

"Get out of my way," Ephraim said angrily, and stooped to form his tee.

Smith turned. "Constable," he called, "Will you please remove this man from the links?"

"Sorry, sir," said the officer, "but Mr. Smith has been elected president, and I have to take his orders. I'll have to ask you to desist."

"What does this mean?" McAndrews demanded.

Smith smiled. "You see," he said, "we looked up the directors of the Swineburn Corporation and all that. They have taken away most of our fun, so we thought we would take away some of theirs. It's rather unfortunate that you are the head of that corporation."

"That's where I fool you, you young pup. I am returning to New York tonight with my daughter and we are not coming back."

"I am very sorry, but I have reserved all the accommodations on that train."

"Dad, can't you tell when you're beaten?" his daughter asked.

"Beaten?" he demanded.

"Oh, Dad, you are getting stupid. Why do you suppose Harold's father takes this time to hammer your old stocks?"

Ephraim's mouth fell open.

"You?" he demanded, pointing to young Smith. Ephraim shook his head thoughtfully at this nod of assent.

"Well, young man," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Why certainly, my dear old chap."

"If I have to look at you for the remainder of my days, will you stop wearing green vests?"

A few minutes later as he watched them walk away, he mattered to himself, "And I thought he had no brains."

TIME

By Richard Jackson

I take my books and strew the table o'er.
I sigh and turn, reluctant, to my task
And try to place my mind in learning's cask,
And o'er a book I grimly start to pour.
But soon my lesson changes to a bore;
Idle dreams my thoughts from study mask.
In fancy I in spring's warm sun do bask
And slowly drift along with unused oar,
And thus does man forsake his well known duty
Often to stop and linger by the way
To seek some slight and soon forgotten pleasure.
And thus he stops and glimpses fickle beauty,
And let's his talents pass into decay.
O God, he's wasting time, his life's great treasure.

CONCERNING PROPOSALS

By William Grossman

To the sweet young bride perhaps the most romantic moment of her life was the moment of the proposal. No doubt, her heart was affected more at that instant than at any time in her whole life.

There are many kinds of proposals, but the only kind we will deal with in this discussion will be the kind mentioned above. There are various and many types of these proposals. There is the short snappy proposal, the bashful hesitating proposal, the long eloquent oration and others. And yet, what is there romantic about the proposal?

What more is the proposal than a business deal? What more is it than the transferring of real estate from one to another? The suitor is the salesman and the poor damsel the prospective buyer, or in some cases the old man buys a son-in-law.

How similar is the line of the "sheik" to that of the salesman. For are they not both salesmen, both trying to sell their goods or probably evils in the case of the suitor since he is selling himself? The only difference between the two is that the lover has to be a little less boastful in the praise of his stock.

Let us use for example Mr. Salesman and Mr. Sheik. Mr. Salesman has a prospective buyer in mind. By reputation he is a hard man to sell. Equipped with several high priced cigars and an assumed air of composure, Mr. Salesman pursues his prey. An interview having been granted, the task begins. A word or two about the family, hoping they are all well, a remark on business conditions, the presentation of one of the cigars, a casual word about the stocks for sale, another cigar, argument in favor of purchase of said stock, the third cigar, finally the closing of the deal, and the last cigar.

Mr. Sheik has a prospective wife in mind. By Dame Gossip she is hard to please. Therefore equipped with a five-pound box of the best candy and with an uneasy heart our young hero sets forth on his adventure and wends his way to the home of the poor, helpless female, who is wholly unaware of such an attack. Once inside the dimly lit parlor the charge is made upon the heart of the fair maid. Throughout the entire performance she sits spellbound by such offers and promises. First a word about the weather (always an interesting topic to begin with), the candy is brought forth, a question or two about the family, another bit of sweets, then the same old story that she is the only one he has ever cared about (excepting the other dozen or so), a chocolate covered cherry (and cherries are usually thought of with honest doings), at last the climax arrives, the act is done, and this time a kiss (candy of course) puts an end to the proceedings.

And thus the two deals are closed. Lucky the man if he gains by the purchase of the stocks. Pity the poor girl if she draws the unlucky number and gets a worthless article. Both are tricks of fate.

The author refuses to see any weak points in this essay, except that the heroine is apt to accept the offer of the dashing young gallant.

IN THE COALS

By Gwendolyn Binsted

I sit and, as into the fire I look,
I think of a fairy story book.
Some fairies dance before my eyes
And then the flame that made them dies.
Then knights come forth in armour bright
With flashing swords to win the fight.

This story ends and in its place
I see fair maidens, full of grace.
They dance and dance until it seems
I'll surely see them in my dreams.
This blaze then fades, the story ends;
Another blaze a story lends.

I see two lovers seated there;
For them the world has not a care.
They speak in tones so soft and sweet
For fear I'll hear them and repeat.
They would not have us know the truth
That's in the heart of every youth.

Another coal is blazing now,
It shows that they have kept their vows.
They planned their life; then lived it through
And to each other they've been true.
The fire goes out; I bid adieu,
To stories that I've told to you.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN SHADOW VALLEY

By Averil Andrews

"Come on, girls, the car is here, and this time I'm going to run it myself!"

"You never are, Mary Brown!" exclaimed Grace Lord, as with three companions, she hurried to the window of the library of the Brown home and looked out toward the street, up which was coming a luxurious touring car of the latest model.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked Amy Stone as she looked admiringly at Mary, whose cheeks were flushed with excitement.

"Oh, it simply gives me the creeps to think about it!" added Grace.

"I don't see why," spoke Mary as the car, in charge of the demonstrator, came to a stop in front of her house. "I've taken enough lessons, the garage man says; I have my license, and why shouldn't I run my car? Are you afraid to come with me?"

"No, no, it isn't exactly that," said Amy, slowly.

"If you weren't afraid to go with Betty in her motor boat, I

don't see why you should be afraid to come with me in my car," went on Mollie.

The chauffeur tooted on the auto horn as much as to say: "Come, I'm waiting for you."

The four chums hurried out to Mary's car.

"It certainly is a beauty!" declared Grace, as her eyes, and those of her friends, took in all the details of the auto.

"Well, if we're going to mote—let's mote!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm going to take you for a nice long spin."

"You'll soon be speeding like all the others, I suppose," put in Amy.

"Never! Now, who's going to ride with me on the front seat?"

For a moment no one answered. Betty, Grace and Amy looked at one another, and then they burst into laughter.

"Well, do you want to draw lots for it?" inquired Mollie, with a trace of sarcasm. "I thought you'd feel honored."

"I will!" exclaimed Betty.

"Well, come on!" exclaimed Mollie.

"She says it as though she were going to—to jail!" laughed Grace.

"Here we go!" cried Amy, as the motor throbbed and hummed.

For several miles the girls rode along, enjoying to the utmost the swift, silent, easy motion and drinking in the sweet air.

"Are you going out Shadow Valley way?" asked Betty, as Mollie successfully made a turn into another highway off the main one.

"No, not this time, though we must go there some day."

They were going along a well shaded road now, the big maples on either side meeting in an arch of green overhead. Some of the branches were so low that care had to be taken in passing under them.

As they approached one immense and ancient tree, they saw a flutter of white amid the branches near the ground.

"What's that?" cried Betty.

"Look out!" exclaimed Grace.

The white object—large and fluttering—toppled from the tree, almost in front of the car, and with a little scream of fear Mollie gave the steering wheel such a sudden twist that the auto swerved and nearly upset.

Instinctively Mollie jammed on the brakes and threw out the clutch, shutting off the power.

Mollie was the first to recover herself. Her position at the steering wheel had given her an advantage in that she had something to hold to.

"Oh, dear!" Mollie exclaimed, ruefully. "Are any of you hurt?"

"I bumped my elbow—on the funny bone," said Grace.

"Oh, we're all right. But what in the world happened?"

In concert they all looked back toward the big tree.

"Why—why, it's a girl!" gasped Betty, as she saw a huddled figure lying on the grass.

Leaving the auto where it was, the four girls approached the quiet figure lying under the tree.

"Oh—oh! I'm afraid to—look," spoke Mary. The girl's eyes were closed, and her loosened hair was in a mass about her head; even tossed as it was, the girls could

see there was a wonderful wealth of it.

"She is unconscious," said Grace.

"Yes, and we must get her to a doctor as soon as possible," said Betty. "I think we can get her to a doctor more quickly than bringing one to her. Will your machine run, Mollie?"

"Oh, it will run all right. But I——"

"You've just got to run it," declared Betty. "Girls, look for a spring."

Molly hurried away, but soon came back with some water.

She tried to get a little water between the lips of the strange girl.

"She took a little," whispered Grace.

The girl turned her head to one side as if to avoid drinking. Then she muttered a few words.

"What did she say?" asked Amy.

"I couldn't understand it," answered Betty.

Again the stranger murmured something, and this time the girls caught:

"No, no! I will not go back to him! Anything but the life I have been leading. Oh, why must I do it? Oh! I—I have none! Oh, I can't go back to—him!"

"Poor thing, let's put her in the car," said Amy.

The girls put her into the car.

"Her breathing is better. I think she will soon come to. See, there's a house . We can take her in and ask where the nearest doctor is," and Betty pointed ahead.

The car stopped, and to a motherly-looking woman who came out, Betty quickly explained what had happened.

"Of course! Bring the poor dear in!" the woman directed. "I think you'll catch Dr. Brown at home now."

The girl was still muttering: "Oh, I can't! I can't! I don't want to go back to him!"

"Suppose we take her into the bedroom," suggested the woman. "It's cool in there, and as there is nothing we can do, let's leave her alone. You had better hurry for the doctor," she added. "Tell me how it happened."

Betty and Amy took turns in telling how the affair happened.

"Land's sakes! What in the world do you 'spose she was doin' up in a tree?"

"We haven't any idea," answered Betty.

"Hark!" exclaimed Amy a little later.

"It's an auto!" said Betty.

Mollie and Grace came in with a young man with a professional air.

"An accident!" he exclaimed in brisk tones. "Where is she?"

"In my bedroom, Dr. Brown," said Mrs. Brown.

They clustered around as the physician pushed open the door. Then he turned with a queer look on his face.

"Must be some mistake," he said. "There is no one here."

"No one there!" cried Betty in strange tones. "Why——"

She looked over his shoulder. There in the bed was the imprint of a form, but the girl had vanished.

"There is some mystery here; let us try to find her. She may

be walking around injured," said the doctor.

They searched everywhere but did not find a trace of the girl.

Grace strolled into the room and half idly looked around it. A piece of paper caught her eye and she picked it up.

"I found this in there," she said.

"What does it say?" asked Amy.

"It is evidently part of a letter, and all I can make out is, 'not to go to Shadow Valley even if'—and that's all."

"How odd!" exclaimed Mary. "Shadow Valley is not far from here."

"Well, girls, we can't do any good, so let's be going. Thank you, Mrs. Brown," said Amy.

All the way home they talked of the mystery, and since they could not solve it, they decided to meet at Betty's house and talk it over.

That night, as the girls were sitting by the fire talking, Mollie startled all of them by saying: "Well, it's all settled!"

"What?" asked Betty.

"Our auto tour. I have it all mapped out. You'll come, won't you—all of you?"

"But what's it all about?" asked Grace, wonderingly.

"Why, since I have a car, why can't we four–and a chaperone–go for a tour? Won't it be fun?"

"Jolly!" cried Amy.

"When can we go?" asked Grace.

"Soon, now. I think——" A maid knocked at the door.

"Yes; what is it?" asked Mollie.

"A gentleman. Rather elderly, and he keeps making up verses, Miss. Will you see him?"

"Verses? Oh, it must be that dear old Mr. Lagg—the storekeeper. But, girls, what do you imagine he wants?"

With a broad smile on her face, the maid came back, escorting Mr. Lagg, who at the sight of the girls, bowed low, and declaimed:

"I'm glad to see you,
I hope we'll agree,
That you are as happy
Now to see me!"

"Good! We are indeed glad to see you."

"How did you ever leave your store long enough to run down here, Mr. Lagg?"

"Well, it is runnning a risk," he answered, as he took a chair Amy set for him. "But I have important business down here," he confided to the girl.

"We were just planning an auto tour, Mr. Lagg."

"A tour, then that may fit in with what I have called about. Excuse me a moment while I think. I have it! You can solve this mystery, too!"

"Another mystery?" queried Grace. "We seem to be having a monopoly of them."

"Are you afraid of ghosts?"

The girls merely laughed at such an absurd thing as a ghost.

"Then I've got a mystery for you to solve. It's a haunted house!"

"A—a haunted house!" faltered Amy.

"That's it—a regular haunted house—groans, slamming doors, queer lights, and all that sort of thing."

"Where—where is it?" asked Betty.

"In Shadow Valley."

Instinctively the four girls started.

"You know that old mansion at the far end of the valley, don't you?"

"You mean Kenyon's Folly?" responded Mollie.

"Yes, Mr. Kenyon built that mansion after ideas of his own. Everyone said Shadow Valley was too gloomy and out of the way to be a good place for a mansion, and people called it Kenyon's Folly. It turned out as people said it would because from the very first his wife disliked it. She said it was too gloomy. Now what I want you girls to do is to solve the mystery."

"Why?" asked Betty.

"Because I own it, and no one will rent it unless I get rid of the ghost. Will you help me?"

"Maybe, when we come back from our auto tour, we will," said Betty.

"Then, I would surely thank you if you would. Good night."

"After he had gone the girls talked over their tour and decided to leave on the following Monday, Mrs. James, Mollie's aunt, acting as chaperone.

Monday dawned bright and clear, and the four girls and the chaperone started off very light-hearted.

Each night they stopped at a hotel, or the home of a relative, and spent the night. All of the girls were enjoying the trip very much. And now they had started homeward.

"Something is the matter with the car," said Mary.

"Oh, don't say that!" begged Grace.

"Oh, it isn't anything serious, I think."

The auto faltered on the top of the hill; then it went down and on the level it seemed to be all right. The girls were more hopeful until the next hill was reached. There the car stalled.

"Oh, dear," cried Mollie, for it was getting late, and the road was a lonely one.

"Look—look where we are," whispered Grace.

"Where?" asked Mollie nervously.

"Near the rear entrance of Shadow Valley!"

"And the—the—" broke in Betty.

As she spoke, a flash of lightning and a rumbling caused the girls to jump. It began to rain gently at first; then, as they were fastening the curtains, the storm broke forth in all its fury. Suddenly, the wind tore one of the curtains off, and the rain fairly poured into the car.

"Girls, I can't stand this any longer; let's get out and try to find a house."

Onward they tramped through the rain. Both lanterns that they were carrying had been blown out by the wind.

The dark, gloomy trees that met over their heads shrieked and groaned. Their only light was the lightning which flashed and flashed.

"There doesn't seem to be any shelter," said Betty.

"Look, look over there; isn't that a light?" cried Amy.

Everyone turned and looked, but no light was seen.

"Amy, you are dreaming," said Mary.

"Look, there it is again," she cried.

"So it is; let's hurry," said Grace.

By the flashing of the lightning they were able to see a huge, dark, gloomy mansion looming up out of the darkness.

"Ugh, it gives me the shivers," said Grace.

"It surely does look gloomy and dark, and yet someone must live there because we saw the light."

By this time the girls had reached the house.

Mollie knocked at the door. The sound of her knuckles seemed to echo through an empty house.

"No one at home," she murmured. "And yet the light."

She gave a cry.

"What is it?" asked Betty.

"The door—it opened itself!"

At that moment the lightning flashed, and before the thunder could echo Grace cried:

"We're at the haunted house of Shadow Valley!"

"Well, since the door did open to let us in, suppose we take advantage of it," suggested Betty.

"What—into the—the haunted house!"

"This house is no more haunted than I am. We are going to be sensible and go in."

The house was musty, damp and deserted, the wind howling through its shutters, and the rain falling in torrents made the girls shiver.

As they walked along, their footsteps echoed.

"Girls–supper!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Ghost has left us a supper."

"Pitch in, let's eat," cried Betty.

The girls forgot the ghost and began eating.

"Have an olive?" said Mary.

"If you will——"

She paused—they all did—mouths half opened, for from somewhere in the structure came a hollow and terrifying groan, and then followed the unmistakable sound of clinking metal, while a bluish light flashed around them. Then came another long-drawn cry—a shrill, eerie wail, and both lights went out leaving them in total darkness, while the storm shrieked about the old house, rocking it and swaying it as if to tear it from its foundations.

Screams and frightened exclamations on the part of the girls followed the queer manifestations.

There was silence for a moment—no, not altogether a silence, for the noise of the storm indicated that it was not in the least lessening, and then again came that strange bluish light, flickering, glaring, and the metallic clanging sound. Then a fearful, hollow groan.

If you ever ask the girls how they spent that night, they only answer with a shiver.

In the morning they walked to a service station and got aid. Soon they reached home safely.

They decided to go back with some of their boy friends and try to find the ghost. And so one bright morning the four girls and

four boys started to the haunted house. On arriving there they searched the cellar and first and second floors. When they came to the last room on the third floor, Mollie cried, "It is she! It is she! It is the girl who so strangely ran away from us. The one who fell out of the tree."

The strange girl opened her eyes, then gasped.

"What—what happened? Oh, I remember. I fainted. I heard someone in the house. I thought it was—I thought he was coming after me."

"We don't know whom you mean," said Mollie.

"My—the man who calls himself my guardian, but who has used me very cruelly," she said. "I ran away from him, and then I learned that there might be a way to escape him forever. I came back to get certain papers. My name is Carrie Mitzi and my guardian's name is Samuel Clark; at least, that's his real name; he changes it everywhere he goes. We own this house. It is here that he puts together his chemicals to make his hair tonic. You see he is supposed to be a hair doctor. He used to make me shake down my hair and say that his horrid old tonic made it beautiful. I wouldn't put that awful sulphur in my hair!"

"But this house does not belong to him," put in Betty.

"I did not know that; he told me it did. I hated the awful gloom of this house, and so I ran away. I climbed up into a tree and must have gone to sleep and fallen out of the tree, because when I woke up, I was in a nice soft bed. I thought my guardian was there and so, when I got the chance, I ran away."

"That explains the whole mystery, doesn't it, girls? Well, we are certainly glad to have solved the mystery, and now we are going to help you get away from your guardian."

"No, you haven't quite solved the mystery—how the ghostly manifestations were brought about," said Betty.

"He had no intention of trying to make people think the house was haunted. He manufactured his hair tonic in the mansion. It was necessary to heat it in a sort of furnace, and this made the groaning sound you heard; it was caused by air pressure."

"And the clank of metal?" said Grace.

"That was when he stirred the stuff in the brass mixing kettle."

"What about the queer light, and smell of sulphur?"

"That was the sulphur which he used in the preparation. Sulphur is often used in hair tonics. At any rate he burned it, making the ghostly flashes of blue fire, and the smell. The flashes were reflected from the room when he worked by the big window pane."

"Oh, I see it all now! I'm so glad we solved the mystery for poor Mr. Lagg. Now we're going to help you get away from your guardian."

Coach Day

Captain Cameron

LOSING TO WIN

By Myrtle Owen

He leaped a space with a graceful stride,
  Then he sprang ahead of all;
The jockey was given the swiftest ride
  That even he could recall;
The owner watched with a heart of pride,
  While silence hung like a pall.

Then fire lit up in every steed;
  There was a thrilling sight;
They galloped, they flew with such great speed,
  As the steed of an honored knight,
When he flies to danger to do some deed,
  And cannot think of fright.

But where was the steed with number four
  Who bravely led the race?
His strides had slacked, but then once more
  He rapidly covered space,
With fire at his heels, the track he tore
  As he led in the mighty chase.

He won the race by one great stride,
  Old Four rode briskly in;
Then staggered and tumbled on his side,
  And his master, tall and thin,
Bent o'er the dying horse with pride,
  Who had given all to win.

THE REFLECTIONS OF AN ERUDITE STUDENT UPON BEGINNING TO WRITE AN ESSAY

By Richard Jackson

Well, I've got to write another essay—a four page one this time! We had gotten by for two weeks without having to hand in a line—thanks to our instructor in IV-H Composition. We had even allowed our minds to drift so far as to conceive of a third week's respite; for on Monday the composition day, we left the classroom exalted by the fact that no further assignment had been given to us. Alas, on Friday—may I soon forget that fateful day—our hopes lay shattered at our feet. We had opened our notebooks, and had settled down for our literature recitation, when our teacher came in and pronounced the sentence upon us when we were as unsuspecting as a nodding fireman. Said he, "I haven't given you the assignment for compositions yet, have I?" At these words the class assumed the atmosphere of the proverbial Quaker meeting. There was a sound of labored breathing as a look of dismay spread over our countenances. "N-no, sir," came a low response from somewhere, as tragic as the negative response of the convicted murderer when he is asked if he has anything to say before the court.

My heart was making overtime and was pounding away at my throat. "Well, for next Monday"—my heart, slowing down, was doing business down about the middle regions of my anatomy—"write a four page essay criticising some local or national custom that needs correcting." My heart was feebly throbbing beneath my belt buckle.

So, as the old saying goes, having gathered pen, paper, resolution and determination and having frowned through an hour sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thoughtlessness, I am no further advanced than when I started.

A class-mate said to me as we were bewailing our plight, "Of course, if he thought of the assignment it has to be all right; but I'll bet you some imbecile reminded him of it, the—" and he stopped for want of an adequate epithet to describe a student who would be guilty of such a crime. "But," said he in moving away, "no matter how small a class is, there is always some such bonehead in it."

But let's see, what am I going to write about? I can't think of anything to criticise about the school except the fact that it exists. Local affairs? Nothing. National? Nothing except that the long heralded Queen Marie has at least reached the United States—even that her majesty is coming to our own renowned city. Now the newspaper writers will have to uncork a new bottle of adjectives and phrases. No longer will they be able to use such terms as "dapper," "full dress suit," "was again thrown from his horse," etc.

GOD'S SONGS

By Horace Mann

Sing sweet, you birds, in every tree,
Pour out your songs of love to me;
Make me gay with your lingering song,
Happy and joyful all the day long.

Bawl out your bass, you frogs in the brook,
Rumble your tones from each shady nook;
Keep me cheerful with gurgling song,
Cheerful and joyful all the day long.

Your songs when they're sung, without any care,
Show God's in heaven and everywhere;
And whenever your songs at me are hurled,
I'm contented, and glad, and at peace with the world.

THE SWARMS OF BEES

By Mildred Steere

John Burns sat at his desk at the farther end of the room. He was the professor of English in Roland College, New Fork, Ohio. He was twenty-two and the youngest member of the faculty.

Each day he sat there waiting for his class of freshmen to come in, laughing, as they always did, but today he seemed to be worried about something.

"Billie" Yard, a freshman, had not handed in three of her papers. They were due last Tuesday, and today, Thursday, they had not been handed in. "Young Burns," as every one called him because his father taught there, too, and had been teaching there for the last twenty years, saw a small girl running across the campus in the direction of his room.

He was thinking how he hated to report a girl to the Dean for not keeping up with her work, but he had notified her that the papers would have to be in.

As he was sitting there dreaming, the door opened slowly, and a light, curly-haired girl stuck her head through the cracked door. When she saw that "Young Burns" was there, she ran quickly across the room to his desk. She said she wished to explain about her papers.

Her excuses were many, on account of the football game that afternoon. She had been studying lately and could not possibly write, as she didn't have time. She began talking of how good the team was as a whole, about each player, his best plays, etc. She also talked of the beauty of the bumble bees in the forest, and asked if he had ever seen the swans along the banks of the lake. She promised that some day she would take him to see them, because he had missed so much. She talked of everything for the purpose of diverting his mind from the reason of her call.

After much talking, he felt himself becoming very much interested in this young freshman. He tried several times to tell her of her work and her duty to the college, but she prattled on, never giving him an opportunity to speak.

The rest of the freshmen came noisily in. "Billie" took her seat with the others. During the class "Young Burns" was unable to keep the attention of the pupils, and he also felt as if he was unfit to teach these students and aught to go to school again.

Somehow, when the class was over. "Young Burns's" grouch came over him again. He felt his anger aroused against that young girl, whom he had so foolishly let talk him into such a ridiculous condition. She could not be an exception from the others and not write those papers, for people would talk about "his favoritism for Billie," which he tried to convice himself did not exist.

As he went down the hall by the Dean's office, his conscience began to tell him to put her name on the file. As he hated to do it so very much, he wasted at least thirty minutes before handing in the "pink slip." For this reason he was late to the game.

After the game, there was to be a faculty meeting. He dreaded to go because it was so boring, but at the usual time, Thursday, five-thirty P. M., he walked slowly into the large room. As he walked in, everyone began to smile. He wondered why.

Dinner was served, and some business talked over; finally, came the discussion of "The Roland." "The Roland" was the weekly school paper published each week by the students.

The President stood up and asked for discussion on the subject of the faculty being commented on in "The Roland." "Young Burns," who had not seen this week's paper, when called on for his opinion, did not oppose it.

When the discussion was finished, the president read the piece of poetry entitled "Our Mr. Burns" by "Billie" Yard. She was the college's best poetess and found the most wit and humor about everything. She loved to comment, in a funny piece of poetry, on the faculty as well as her fellow students.

Immediately after the president took his seat, "Young Burns" left with the excuse of an engagement. In a bad humor, he walked along thinking of how severely he had been criticised by this girl, and how much fun was being poked at him. As he walked

along the pavement by the "school cottages," he gazed into the brightly lighted windows at the young girls and boys celebrating the football victory over their rival school.

In one of the windows he saw the girl (whose name, when mentioned, made him think of the promise of a visit to the swarms of bees) who wrote about him. She was surrounded by the other students. She was reading from "The Roland!"

As the night was calm and still, he could distinguish plainly her small, high-pitched voice reading her own poetry about himself. The more he heard, the wiser he became.

The next morning, promptly at nine o'clock, he called on the president. He talked a little while about the board allowing such "fun-making articles" to be in the weekly paper. Then, to the surprise of the president, he handed in his resignation. The president, finally, after much searching, found the reason was the freshman, "Billie", and her criticizing poem.

He kept the resignation and told "Young Burns" to come to his office at four-thirty that afternoon.

"Young Burns" taught his English class in the most unusual way, but he left school early to go home. At exactly four-thirty he knocked at the president's door. There was no answer. He knocked again; the janitor told him to go to the "Student Council" room.

Slowly, he ascended the stairs and opening the door walked in. The room was occupied by the Student Council, the president, and the two deans of the college. As he came in, the president arose and greeted him, but no one smiled as in the teacher's meeting.

Five o'clock came, and no one came in, and no one spoke. The president said, at last, that they were waiting for another student who was to have come at four-thirty.

At exactly a quarter past five, loud yelling and shouting were heard; horns were blowing; it seemed as if the whole student body had, all at once, gone mad. Glancing out of the window, you could see a blue roadster with one girl, "Billie", as the center of attraction, and boys and girls hanging all over it and walking beside it.

After ten minutes of suspense, the door opened and "Billie," the favorite of the school, walked in. The president of the Student Council arose and addressed the meeting. The purpose of the meeting was to have "Billie" apologize to the victim of her poem. The apology was accepted and three over-due papers were handed in.

The president of the school asked "Young Burns" to take back his resignation, as well as did the Student Council, but he refused. He had handed it in for always. Without a word he went out of the room to his cottage.

The next week a new pupil, but an ex-professor, was registered in the "College Student List." He had taught for a while and found out that he was too young to try to teach people of his own age; so

he started to school again. He was going to school some more before attempting to teach again. He joined the football team and entered into all the sports.

At every game and party, "Billie" and "Young Burns" would be together, and nearly every week they went to see the swarms of bees by the lake.

THE AWAKENING OF SPRING

By Elizabeth Williams

A pure little raindrop fell out of a cloud,
It came with a message to poor and to proud.
Its lovely hues were sparkling and clear;
It brought the gladness, springtime is near.
Come, come, little snowdrop, lift up your head,
Awake to new life who so long have been dead.

The pale little violet, the first of the spring,
Has opened her eyes, a most marvelous thing;
She looks around with a countenance bright,
The new spring awakens with gladness and light.
Come, come, little violet, look up and see
The wonderful world that is yet to be.

Robin redbreast is here with his trim little mate,
He works for her gladly, both early and late.
Their family is reared in the treetops above,
While he is trilling a song full of love.
Come, come, little birdies, fly out of your nest,
For of all the glad year, springtime is best.

The flowers and birdies and bumble-bees, too,
Are ready for work and are willing to do
Their part in the plan which nature has made
To freshen the earth in meadow and glade.
Come, come, little creatures, raise voices and sing,
All earth is awake to the glories of spring.

BURIED SUNSHINE

By Willliam Bozel

When the word coal is uttered, the majority of people think of something black and dirty. A mother dresses her Junior or Elizabeth Anne in clean clothes, and they immediately head for the coal bin in the basement. Incidentally, this is one reason why mothers get gray.

When a coal dealer advertises that he has clean coal for sale, one knows right away that the dealer means his coal does not contain slate or other non-burning substances.

Coal is clean in another sense of the word also; so clean that it can be called buried sunshine, for thousands of years ago the very lumps of coal we use for heating purposes were giant ferns about ten feet tall. On some lumps the print of a fern leaf may be clearly seen. Some coal is so black that it reminds me of white as it becomes so extreme it begins to look like its opposite. Some of these lumps shine so that it seems they are inclosed in a glass case. I think the young girls ought to have a piece of polished coal placed in their dorines, and it would be very serviceable because the coal would not break as easily as a glass mirror.

How would you like to have a piece of coal set in your ring instead of a diamond? Naturally, I would say to the speaker, "So's yer old man," but, considering the subject, I shall come to the conclusion that a diamond is only a high-brow piece of coal luckier than billions of its companions.

The well known axiom, "Beauty is only skin deep," does not apply to a lump of coal, for as fast as one can break up a lump of coal other lumps just as "pretty" and well formed are created from the original lump.

A young lady is seen walking down the street. I stop and give her the once over. I think that she is an actual fashion plate. She has on a flaming red dress with hose and hat to match. She has a purple pocket-book swinging on her arm. I wonder if she ever thought that these elaborate things were colored by dyes that come principally from coal.

After all, coal is really buried sunshine because it brings happiness to everyone in its many forms.

THE WATERFALL

By Mabel M. Drake

Falling through space a cloudy veil;
Shimmering bright in the sun;
Linking its drops in a cast of mail;
Laughing as if in fun;
Foaming o'er rocks so rough and drear,
The waterfall rushes, a blue crystal clear.

Gleaming all silver in the moonlight;
Bursting o'er cliff so high;
Flowing through chasm, then all alight
It gushes out under the sky,
Dancing in joy to its own gleeful song;
Running and leaping all the night long.

Hurling its bright depths over the wall,
Dropping a sheet of flame;
Throwing its drops in the air to fall
Back to the place whence they came;
Spraying the willows that grow by its side,
Dipping their branches into its tide.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Teacherless Study Halls

What has happened to the "teacherless study halls"? Has the idea failed? These are questions frequently asked among the students. We though we understood that if no disturbance was caused and more studying was the result, the teachers would not be necessary in the study-halls. We cannot say definitely about the studying, but all of the study-halls that we have seen without a teacher have remained as quiet as under the old system. The students responded to the trust placed upon them and upheld this system. But this year we have seen no steps to continue the system so successfully carried out last term. Of course, we don't mind the presence of the teachers; they are an aid in the study-halls. But it is the principle of the thing we dislike. Can't the students be left on their honor to talk only concerning lessons and not to disturb their neighbors?

We should like to see more responsibility placed on the students, and we feel that they would respond as they always have responded in former times.

W. G.

The New School Spirit

The Petersburg High School has shown a greater school spirit this year than it has for a long time. In former years many of the students didn't care whether we had a football team or not, and if we won a game we won. It didn't matter to them. This cannot be said of the Petersburg High School today. Everyone seems to be interested in the activities of the school, and so far they have supported every organization that has asked them for their support.

The new school spirit was first shown by the number of boys that went out for the football team.

At the first assembly Mr. Wolff called attention to the yards, and asked everyone to do his part in keeping the yard clean. In this the school has shown a fine spirit, and at a recent assembly Mr. Wolff said that the yards had been kept in excellent condition this term.

The school has supported the football team at every game, both at home and away. Nearly the entire student body has been out to every game. Those who couldn't attend the games haven't fallen behind in their school spirit though, because Mr. Wolff said in the assembly the other day that after the game he received about twenty-five telephone calls asking about the game. This is an excellent spirit and we must work hard to keep it up.

E. R.

To The Lower Classes

The Missile this year will be published with the purpose of containing the work of pupils in all classes and grades in the High School. The Missile is your magazine. The upper classes have no more say in it than you of the lower classes have. It is the magazine of the Petersburg High School, and you are as much a part as the students of higher grades.

Heretofore most of the material for the MISSILE has been work assigned in the different courses. There have been few voluntary contributions. And the material that the MISSILE has had to use has been work done with the idea of passing and not with any idea of ever being published or read by any one except the teacher.

We feel that there is hidden talent in the school and that there has been no effort to bring this talent to light, and we feel especially that there is much talent in the lower grades that would improve and be helped if only an effort were made to aid this talent. And so this year we are inviting contributions from every individual in the High School. We go further than that; we urge every one to send in material and help make the MISSILE the students' magazine.

W. G.

LITTLE MISSILES

Kitty Watkins: "Oh! Vivienne, I took 'gym' down in the basement today without many clothes on and nearly froze."

Mrs. Jones: "Jim who?"

J. B. at the board in business methods class had a place for dollars but none for cents.

Pupil at seat: "J. B. is supposed to have some cents, but he hasn't."

The North Carolinian loves domestic animals as Mr. Burks can testify. One day an itinerant "preacher" was visiting a mountain home and he noticed that the head of the house made much of four cats, and that there were four cat-holes in the door.

"Why four holes when one would do?" asked the visitor.

Said the mountaineer: "When I say 'scat,' I mean *'scat!'* "

Miss Cabaniss: "What does 'concursu' mean?"

No answer.

Miss Cabaniss: " 'Con' means together and 'cursu' means run, so if they run together what is the result?"

E. Churn: "A collision."

Mr. Powers: "Who was the principal character in Julius Caesar?"

E. Adkins: "Lady Macbeth."

HATS

By William Grossman

Just stop one day upon the street,
And note the different hats you meet;
You'll be surprised to see how well
The hat the characters will tell.

A gaudy green for the country miss,
For no one else could well wear this;
This shade is surely hers, for she
Is just as green as she can be.

The dear old lady's hat is grey,
For she has passed her younger day;
For her those happy times are o'er,
And brilliancy suits her no more.

The bonnet is blue of the modest girl,
Her life is not flashy, or lived in a whirl;
She is not hasty, but tender and true,
Therefore 'tis right that she wear blue.

The flapper with colors varied and loud
Rivals the shades of the peacock proud;
Just like this bird with colors gay,
She likes to be seen as she wends her way.

Miss Wilkie: "Miss Carter, stop saying ma'am to me! Do you understand?"

Butsy Carter: "Yes, ma'am."

E. Moore, disgusted at her friends for calling her "Miss Mud":

"Will you please stop calling me 'Miss Mud'? It's too dirty!"

Miss Cook, reading from Literary Digest: "Baldness is a sign of brain growth."

R. Godsey: "I see you have plenty of hair, Miss Cook."

Music teacher: "What are the two kinds of minor scales?"

Pupil: "Harmonic and—oh—chronic."

Mr. Burns: "I have only two vacant periods during the whole week."

Anna Lou Dodd: "No wonder you get so mad at us all the time."

"What is ratio?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Ratio is proportion," said Mary Rennie.

"What is proportion?"

"Proportion is ratio."

"But what are ratio and proportion?"

"Each other."

"BUNK!"

By Risque W. Plummer

On a Friday night I tried to write
This foolish bit of rhyme,
Knowing that Mister Miller would fuss
If it didn't come in on time.

I just know that when he has heard me read
This piece of poetry;
"Bunk!" he will say, and throw it away,
But what'll he do to me?

Teacher: "Take four out of five and what do you have, Sammy?"

Sammy: "Pyorrhea, ma'am."

Miss Guerrant: "And where was Sheridan when he took his famous twenty-mile ride?"

Mary Farinholt: "On a horse."

"What has become of your brother?" inquired a friendly mosquito.

"He met a terrible fate," answered the other. "Those human beings poured kerosene all

over the place."

"But he liked kerosense."

"Yes, that was the trouble. He gorged himself with it and then collided with a lightning bug."

Sam: "Do yuh refuse to pay me dat two dollahs I lent you?"

Rastus: "Oh, no, sah. Ah don't refuse, ah jes' refrains."

A patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression. "Where—are—you—going?" read Johnny, laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher, "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn on him. Then he read triumphantly: "Where are you going, little button hook?"

G. Binsted in cafeteria: "There is a button in my salad."

Mrs. Pettit: "That's merely a part of the dressing."

An assistant in a chemist's shop, speaking to a man who had forgotten what he came for: "Have you forgotten what you camphor?"

"That's it," countered the other, "What's it sulphur?"

"I've never cinnamon so funny," was the response.

"That's all right, ammonia novice."

"The Browns called their new home 'The Nutshell,' but they had to change the name."

"Why?"

"The street boys kept calling and ringing the bell to inquire whether the colonel was in."

Judge: "What is the prisoner charged with?"

Cop: "Electricity, your Honor. He stole a battery."

"What does my little man want to buy? chocolates?" inquired the shopkeeper.

"You bet your life, I do," replied the little boy, "but I got to buy soap."

MY LIZZIE

By Robert Ritchie

In my Ford we rode on a road so rough.
Bump! Went a tire, bang, spew!
We clambered out and looked at the wheel
Then we didn't know what to do.

Not a jack, not a pump, no patch, no glue—
I stood and stared at Jim.
Darn if we knew the next thing to do,
So we rode in on the rim.

"Mamma," inquired the little boy, "are there any men in heaven?"

"Yes, dear," she replied.

"But I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"No, my son," replied mamma. "Men get in with a close shave."

"Yes," explained the up-to-date reporter, "I always carry my notes in my hat."

"Ah—a!" said his friend, "News in a nutshell."

Mr. Pettit: "Only fools are certain, Mr. Zimmer. Wise men hesitate."

"Are you sure of that, Mr. Pettit?"

"Yes, certain of it."

Mr. Powers: "Wake up that fellow next to you, will you?"

A pupil: "Do it yourself; you put him to sleep?"

Small child: "Please, ma, may I have a dark breakfast?"

Parent: "What do you mean, my dear?"

Child: "Well, last night you gave me what you called a light supper, and I didn't like it at all."

Mr. Miller: "Mr. Rennie, where have you put your Hamlet?"

"In the bath; it was too dry for me."

Mr. Wolff, having finished his dinner at a restaurant in Richmond.

"Will you please bring me some coffee without cream?"

Waiter: "We ain't got no cream,—you'll have to take it without milk."

Anna Lou Dodd: "They tell me that you adore good music."

Her Date: "Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. Please go on."

J. Burks: "Sergeant, what is the meaning of the word *nothing*?" ....

Mr. Holmes: "I can't explain it, but you'll find it in the place where your brains should be."

A Sleepless Night

By Sophie Bowman

At night when I put out the lights
  And get into my bed,
I think I'll have a good night's rest,
  But hear the dogs instead.
At first there is a little bark,
  But then it grows and grows,
Until I have to get out of bed
  To calm their weary woes.

I open wide my window blinds
  And peer into the dark,
I grasp my shoe and hurl it high
  Into the gloomy park!

Doctor: "Well, you are certainly looking better than I expected to see you."

Patient: "I think that it because I followed the directions on the medicine bottle."

Doctor: "Very likely. What were they?"

Patient (grimly): "Keep the bottle tightly corked."

Miss Cook: "What did the Arabians contribute to civilization?"

G. Smith: "Arabian Nights."

The pupils of the 5th Period 4-L class wish to thank Mr. Stuart for his kind opinion of them; that is, that none of them are of a vicious nature.

Poem Writing

By Virginia Pegram

The minutes pass, the hours slip by,
My mind is all out of time;
To write a poem how hard I try;
'Tis awful to make lines rhyme.

I think of all I've left undone,
The Latin I've failed to write;
I wonder if the Yanks have won,
Or why Dempsey lost his fight.

I mop my brow, I pace the floor,
My hand is all in a tremble;
Oh! don't ask me to write any more,
My thoughts will not assemble.

SCRAPS

The 4 L Civic Club has put into practice a very unique idea this year.

Each week a member of the Club interviews some city official, and learns from him, as far as possible, his plans and policies. On Sunday the article is published as a part of the School Weekly News and it always proves to be very interesting.

The football season is well begun, and, at the time that this goes to press, the P. H. S. team has had five hard-fought battles. Although they came out with the small end of the score on four occasions, they put up a splendid fight each time. Under the leadership of the new coach, Mr. Day, the team has shown a fine fighting spirit, and this spirit is a credit to the school. With the team and the coach doing their best to win, it is as little as can be asked of the students that they give their support to the squad by coming out to the games and cheering for their team.

The scores, so far, have been:
P. H. S., 13; Hopewell, 7.
P. H. S., 0; Maury, 33.
P. H. S., 0; McGuires, 33.
P. H. S., 0; Portsmouth, 40.
P. H. S., 2; Univ. of Richmond Frosh, 7.

A very interesting spectacle, the last few days, has been the costumes of the boys being initiated into the Hi-Y Clubs.

These boys have presented quite a strange appearance, attired in silk hose, with bands of ribbon around their heads and many other unique manners of dressing themselves. They have to wear these costumes for one day as a part of their initiation, and all seem to enjoy it very much.

The Roulette Staff for this year has been chosen, and meetings have been held for the purpose of assigning the duties of the various committees.

There is some very good talent in this class, and under the very capable leadership of Edward Wyatt as editor-in-chief a good Roulette should be gotten out.

The Student Body has been very fortunate in being able to hear such good speakers at the Tuesday morning assemblies.

Representatives of organizations which are working to accomplish practically the same aims as the schools, have been chosen and have given some splendid talks. Rev. F. W. Moore, pastor of Second Baptist Church; Mr. W. C. Scott, of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Alexander Hamilton, of the local school board, have given very interesting talks pertaining to the aims of the institutions which they represent.

At present the 4 H Civics Club is considering a trip to Washington in the first part of January.

If the club should decide to take the trip, and it is very probable that they will, it will be one of the longest trips and one of the bigbest undertakings which any Civics Club of P. H. S. has ever attempted, but the officers and members feel confident that they can make a success of the plan. This trip would be very educational to anyone who has never visited Washington, and certainly no place could be chosen which would be more interesting to Civics students than Washington. The reason for picking the first part of January as the time for the trip is the fact that Congress will be in session then, and the Club is planning to attend one day and learn something of the proceedings.

The entire school admires the spirit shown by the Civics Club in undertaking something bigger and with more responsibility than any previous Civics Club of P. H. S. No doubt their trip will be a very successful one.

The Civics Club is also attempting something else which, if accomplished, will be a real treat for the entire school.

A letter has been sent to Governor Byrd, inviting him to come and address a Tuesday morning assembly. The Club is very anxious for him to come before the last of January as at that time a part of the students will go to the Junior High School, and they want a full auditorium for the Governor.

O. B.

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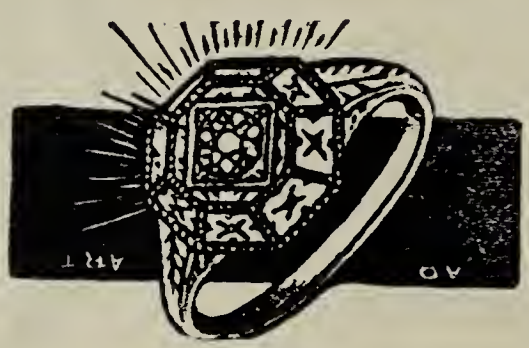

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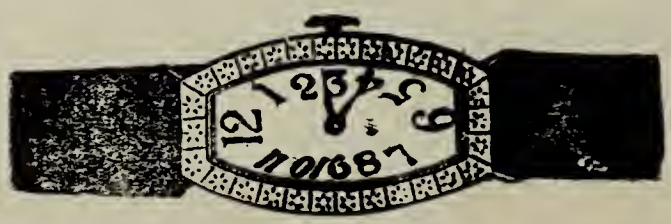

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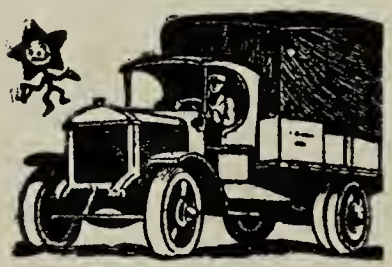

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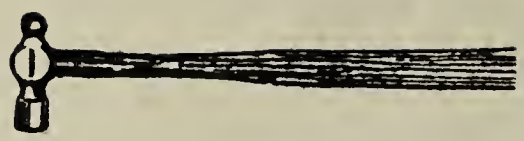

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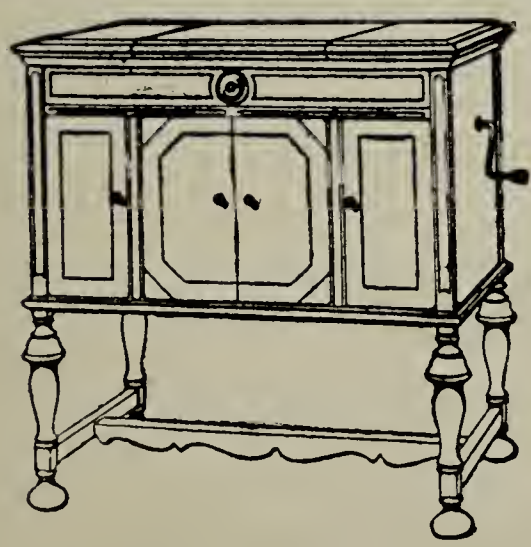

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